

VERTVEIS ANATOMIE.

OR

A COMPENDIOUS

DESCRIPTION OF THAT

late Right Honorable, Memorable,

and Renowned Bedfordshire Lady,

the Lady CHEANY, of

Tuddington.

By CHARLES PIERSE.



LONDON,

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croſſe Streete. 1618.



TO
THE MOST VERTV-
OVS, AND TRVELY RELIGI-
ous Lady, the Lady CROFTS, wife to that
worthy Knight Sir IOHN CROFTS, all
health and prosperity in this world,
and eternall ioy and felicitie in
the world to come.



RIGHT worshipfull, or rather
Right worthy Lady: the title of
the former, being made more il-
lustrious by the fruition of the
latter. For honours and digni-
ties are not the precedent cause
of vertue, but vertue of them:

I haue, I feare, assumed too much upon me, and broken
the bounds of that old proverbe; *Ne sutor ultra cre-
pitarum*: yet, worthy Lady, on whose favourable accep-
tance, not on my owne deserts, I altogether rely: doe
humbly craue your Ladiships most gratiouse protection,
to shelter me from those malignāt, which might oppose
themselues against me: I know it wants that beautie,
lue, and amiable aspect, which should externally a-
dorne it, and make it pleasing in your eyes. Yet if your
Ladishipp please to take a view of the inward truth and

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

sincere deuotion of the heart, it may proue as true begotten, though not so fairely featured as the rest. For as it is in nature, so it is in arte, much vice may lie hid in faire complexions, and much hypocrisie in arte. I speake not this, good Lady, to derogate ought from learned Arts, or worthy wits inriched with eloquence, whereby my impouerished and naked lines should bee clothed with their garments; but that I feare the hard cēsure of these ill spokē times, as much as I hope to receiue some fauorable cōstruction frō your worthy selfe.

If any put out a Quære, and aske me why I wrote this booke, I could alledge many reasons: but I cease to erect too large a portall to so small a structure; I had rather my booke should be abstracted then detracted. Giue me leaue therfore, rather in few words to expresse what I would, then in many what I could speake. Since so many, whose loues depend vpon your Ladiships desarts, doe offer vp gifts, a testimony of the loue they owe, which haue of long time knowne your most free and gentle dispotions, and seene the vertuous inclinations of your minde. I could not chuse, nor in common Christianitie do any lesse, if no other bound affection, nor duetie had moued me, but shew some thankfulness with the rest, though satisfaction I cannot giue with the best. I haue therefore presumed to present vnto your Ladiship, not such as your honor doth deserue, or as I desire, or as my duety and the subiect of my booke doe require, but such as my small ability, or rather inability,

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

abilitie, could prepare to offer unto you: for hauing no need of externall gifts, I giue the internall gifts of the minde, as a free thought, a lame sacrifice not worthy to be recorded with those great ones, which could cast aboue a widowes mite into the treasurie, or offer vp unto their master more then a cup of cold water. Reade it, most pious Ladie, if ought be in it worthy the least respect or fauour, it is not mine, but her honors and your Ladiships, from whose most pure & eminent vertues this dimme and darke candle of mine tooke her first light. Some may hold it a disparagement to her honor, because est ab indigno, others may iudge I write truely, but not sufficiently, both are right: for silent duety, though in it selfe it is commendable, yet in respect of others, it winnes more loue being actiue, laus virtutis actio; and for the other, what my weake skill doth deny, yet my vrging will supply: ultra posse non est esse. What should I speake of your Ladiships free and bounteous disposition? What should I speake of those ornaments and graces you are both inwardly & outwardly indued with: which with as many tongues as Argus had eyes, spread abroad your deserved worth, that I cannot tel whether our soyle more iustly admires you, or inwardly desires you:

Where vertuous life, faire children, happie state,
Doe all concur to make you fortunate,
And whereas many will hereafter minde you,
Blest in the issue that you left behinde you, ,

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

In which most fruitfull buds as may out-live you,
Your worth and yours a double life may give you,
Where though your soule had reacht eternitie,
Your name on earth may live and neuer die.

*So thrive faire Lady, and flourish euer in those faire
pathes of vertue, that as it was a blessing to Dauid
that one of his seed did inherite his earthly Throne,
so it may be a greater blessing to your Ladship, that
many of your seed, should inherite the Throne eternall.
It was not so great a glory for Salomon to inherite his
Fathers Kingdome, as his Fathers holinesse and ver-
tues: Then how much, Madam, may you reioyce in ey-
ther, that yours enjoy not onely much temporall ho-
nors and blessings, but also are indueed with many gifts
and graces of the Spirit, great louers of vertue, and
imbracers of true religion and piety. Long may they
so continue to your Ladships full ioy. Long may they
all live and grow old in honors and vertues, and with
that Poet euer wish:*

Fortunati omnes, si quid mea carmina possunt:

Nulla dies vnquam memori vos eximet æuo.

*Thus humbly intreating your good Ladship to accept
this my first and meane labour, under whose wings it
most hopefully trusts, I rest.*

Yours all too meane, and farre vnworthy
seruant, but not least deuoted,

Charles Pierse.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LORD, THE LORD WENTWORTH.



Hen meannes speakes, and honors balance
weighes him:

Had need speake well, for feare his tongue
betrayes him

Lest vndiscerning, there discovered lies

Some marke of folly to iudicious eies.

Euen so, great Lord, my timerous quill proceeds

Much like a scholler, that his lesson reades

Before his awfull master, trembling still,

Whether vnkind he said it well or ill.

So like that pupill I the lists doe enter,

More bold then wise to giue the perilous venter:

And cannot tell what dangers may ensue,

Did not I hope much honor lay in you.

Not like that *Fortunes* brood, whose ayrie spirits

Doe mount them *Icarus*-like aboue their merits,

Where when their flight's at highest rise of all,

The Sunne doth melt their wings, and then they fall:

Or like *Narcissus*, who did fondly looke

On his owne shadow in a crystall brooke,

And doting on't, stept neerer to haue kist it,

Where he fell in, and drown'd himselfe, yet mist it.

Euen so this world which these faire streames behold,

Build their attempts vpon such hopes too bold,

Making the drossie substance of this earth,

The greatest cause of honor and of birth:

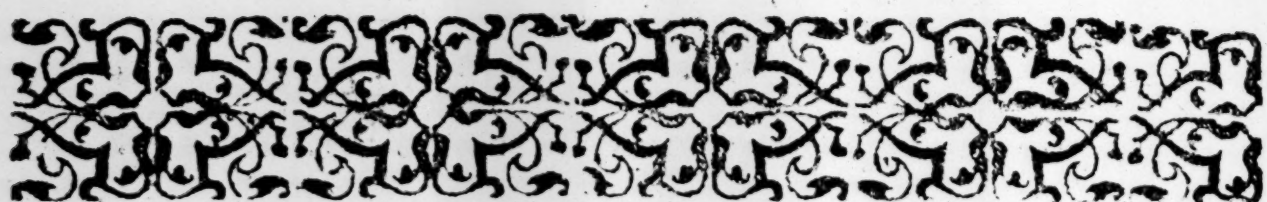
To the Lord Wentworth.

Some loving honors so, buy them, to make them :
Better contented they, that can forsake them,
Yet our best natures faile in this and vse them,
Hee's a rare man that proffer'd, can refuse them.
But you great Lord descended of a race,
Which vertue merit, and desert doth grace,
Made great by birth and honor, not by chance,
As *Fortune's* wont her followers to aduance,
Can better tell these things then I can name them,
And learne, such vaine affections, how to tame them:
Whereby your Predecessors got more grace,
And more renowne, then time can ere deface :
Combining to your noble house that fame
Which liues in you vnblemisht, farre from blame.
And though that I, great Lord, doe write of that,
Which Fame, the world, and time haue wondered at,
And by aduenturing, wrong my shallow wit,
In ayming at the marke I cannot hit.
Yet let some gracious censure from your honor
Fall on my pen, which tooke too much vpon her,
Since from that streame and fountaine you doe spring,
As this most noble lady did, I sing:
Her worth impeach't, yours must eclypsed bee,
Which in all things with hers doth co-agree.
Though my plaine dutie, all too meane, prefers,
Yet reade great Lord, not for my sake, but hers,
Which was a light to those, that farre succeeds
For vertuous and honorable deeds :
Who drawes a y such; how much more then
Need they, of vertues store to equall them,
When springing honor in such tender yeares
Vnto the world, so fresh and Greene appeares.

What

To the Lord Wentworth.

What shall we thinke of after comming time,
But that your glory more and more will shine;
Where that bright starre, within your brest begunne,
May quickly rise to be a glorious Sunne:
And in the highest Spheare of golden fame,
Rides heauens large circuite with your noble name,
So thriue still, honor flourish euer faire,
Let no clouds rise, such glory to impaire,
Nor your proceedings any whit dismay,
T'eclipse the beautie of so faire a day;
But that your glasse at euings watch match may run
As faire and cleare, as when it first begun.
Then noble Lord my humble duty spare,
What wants in me, your Honor may repaire,
And mend those ruinous breaches, which my quill
Hath fall'n into, for want of better skill:
And I as bound to this, shall tune my song,
Pray heauens true honor may continue long.
Thus not presuming, what may be amisse,
I pardon craue, and make an end with this.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
the Ladie WENTWORTH



Ight Honorable ere I doe begin
I pardon craue, presumption is a sinne,
Lest I too much vpon my selfe relying,
May *Icarus*-like perhaps repēt my flying.
The plague of many Poets, which do think
Their owne to be the pure immortall drinke,
But I that farre inferiour am to them,
Ascribe no such vain-glory to my pen,
Nor yet will ouerprize, what I do know
Is past my skill to iudge, or power to show.
If ought within this little volume lies,
A worke too weake for your iudicious eyes,
Which might 'gainst me the smallest fire incense,
I should be loath to giue so much offence:
Yet doe not fixe your wrath before you trie,
And heare great Lady my Apologic.
Perchance my meannesse barres me of that fauour,
Which others gaine in as vnworthy labour,
If that it doth or bare originall birth
In sight of heauen, is nought or little worth:
Hee's no acceptor of the noblest blood,
Aboue the meaner persons which are good,
All's one to him, his power created all,
Hee's great'st with him, that on his name doth call.
The abiects and the out-casts of all things,
In this prerogatiue may compare with Kings:

Heauens

To the Lady Wentworth.

Heauens are not partiall, all's alike respected,
None for their greatest honor are elected,
If this be not the cause, another yet
May hazard what this former could not hit,
And bid me call in question straight my pen,
That hath not writ so learn'd as other men,
Hauing a subiect so replete with honor,
And could not shew no better skill vpon her.
This plunges deeper, and hard claime doth lay
Vnto my thoughts, I know not what to say:
But since thou can'st not paint, nor steale no wit
With borrowed shapcs, or Artes to furnish it,
In plainest colours thou hast truely pen'd them,
Vertue and honor need no arte to mend them.
Besides, it was her pleasure, minde and will,
To haue her vertues vnderualued still;
For it is not so true, as common knowne,
The purest vertues neuer seeke their owne,
And heauens agree, and with their names dispence
To grace the truth, and leaue out eloquence:
For he respects the heart more then the tongue,
Or else we all should doe his Godhead wrong.
Then if that heauens in this from blame doth free mee,
Why should not mortals through his glory see mee?
And set mee free from any scorne and hate,
Since heauen in all things, all should imitate.
It may be yet another may arise
And shew it selfe vnpleasing to your eies;
And that is this: the want of wealth and state,
Which holds too many in disgrace and hate,
Yet in the sight of heau'ns the poor'st are grac'd,
And are not for their want of meanes displac'd:

If

To the Lady Wentworth.

If the small'st mite or sparke of grace he findes
Doth worke at all, within their hearts and mindes :
Nor doth he cast away the poorest slaue
From entring in, if grace be found to saue ;
But like vnto decayed plants, doth cherisha
Their dying roots, and will not let them perish,
Then noble Lady, if that these may claime
The least respect, and shelter me from blame,
I shall be glad : when first I vndertooke
To write to such great minds, this little booke ;
Where my too worthlesse duetie more affords,
Conceal'd within, not to be tould in words.
Accept it (Honor) then since 'tis the first,
Your greatnesse soone may grac't, or make it worse :
But whether 'tis my fortune or my fate,
I now must take't, repentance comes too late :
Yet many fauours, farre aboue my merit,
I haue receiu'd from your most noble spirit :
Which makes me hope, that now I shall not misse,
But likewise be receiu'd and grac'd in this,
For which Ile studie by my best endeauer,
In faithfull seruice, bound fast yours for euer.
Then, noble Ladie, deigne to take a view
Of those faire vertuous parts, and honors true,
Which faire example left so rich behinde,
To fill the vertuous storehouse of your minde,
Whose worthie branches from that tree descended
Make honors goe with vertues rich attended :
Where some of them, if all you doe not finde,
Ingrauen in your honorable minde.

TO SIR HENRY CROFTS.



F that my lines may be at all respected,
And not for their vnworthinesse reiected,
Which, though too meane, faine would
remember yet

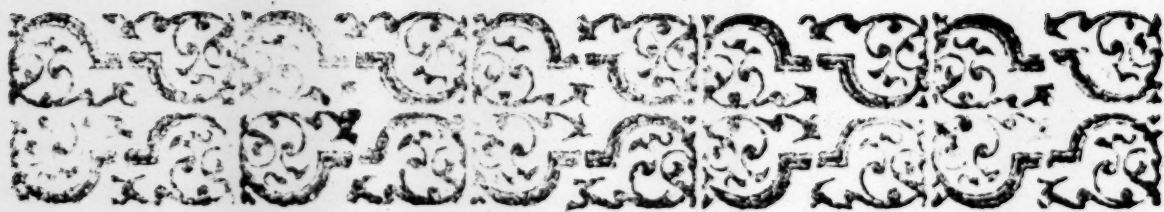
The loue I owe, which many doe forget,

The seruice and the dutie which desires,
(Though your desarts farre greater worth requires)
To yeeld some thanks by meane endeauors prest,
You in your better iudgement know the rest:
From Shepheards cells, expect no more to finde,
Then what may please the best contented minde.
Our tables are not furnisht with such cost
For sumptuous cheere, or lofty faire to boast:
Such as we haue we giue, on trust we goe not,
To entertaine you, Sir, with that we owe not:
Nor yet by stealth doe seeke to winne your loue,
To beare the name of that we cannot proue:
Though intertainment, house and cheere be small,
The heart is true which doth inuite you all;
And will in better wishes more content yee,
Then in this booke my barraine braine hath lent yee.
I cannot fly in learned loftie phrases,
But doe adorne my stile with truth, not praises:
Nor passe I for conceits, which are precise,
But only write to please the vertuous wise:
For I haue read, that true and noble mindes,
The best content in willing natures findes.

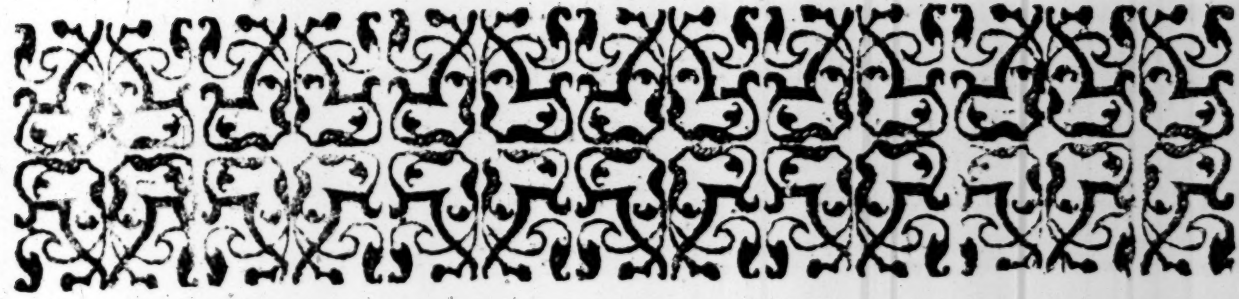
Honor

To Sir Henry Crofts.

Honor receiues no fall, by want of skill
If Gentle doome doe fall vpon my quill:
Then, worthy Knight, since that you are some ayme,
And not the least hopes that my Muse doth clayme,
Accept and pardon what amisse is found,
That built this frame vpon so weake a ground;
Nor let not duety, wanting learned lore,
Be counted folly, nor my seruice poore;
But be receiued, wherein it comes farre short,
Respecting more my will, then my defart.



TO



TO THE LADIE CROMPTON.



Adam, 'tis not for want of time but wit,
That I no sooner of her vertues writ;
Though late, yet take that chance which
(doth befall,

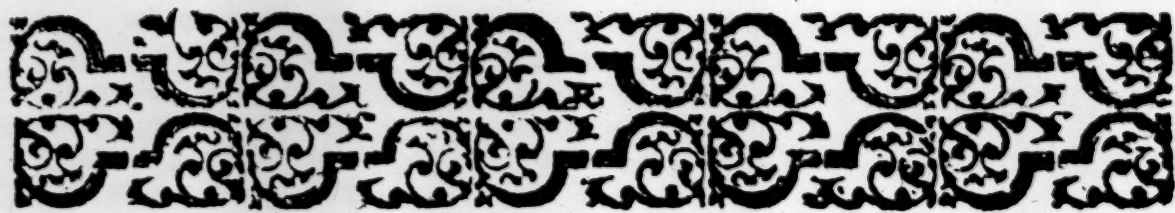
Better thus meanly sung, then not at all.

Where I delaying for some learned wit,
Let slip't occasion which might better fit:
Yet since her vertues were so great and many,
Which cannot iustly be denide of any;
Much lesse of you, and of that house before,
Where they ingrauen lie twice ten times more,
Such kinde affections worke in worthy brests,
That honor dying, yet is not deceast;
But liues in you, where often it doth finde
A licauie *memorandum* from the minde:
Such honored friends are not so soone forgotten,
Though in their graues they long lie dead and rotten,
But euer now and then the Spirit will moue,
And fetch a sigh or two for her it loues,
Bewraying of it selfe in teares, when any
Speakes of the name of noble Lady *Chcany*:
Then faire and worthy Lady, whose pure minde
Doth vertue in so faire a mansion binde,

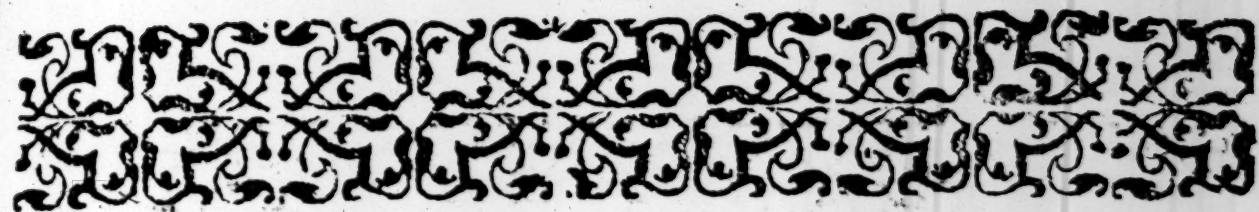
Whose

To the Lady Crompton.

Whose parts for naturall, morall, and diuine,
Excels the force of my weake feeble rime.
Vouchsafe to reade her, whom you once so lou'd,
And spare those faults which loue and ductie mou'd;
Nor, Madam, doe not iudge my seruice slack,
That payes not heere your merits what they lack,
Nor prise your worth, nor that faire marke can hit,
But make affection play the theefe for it,
Where since I reacht at wit, as 'twere by stealth,
Let that worth in you better praise your selfe.



TO

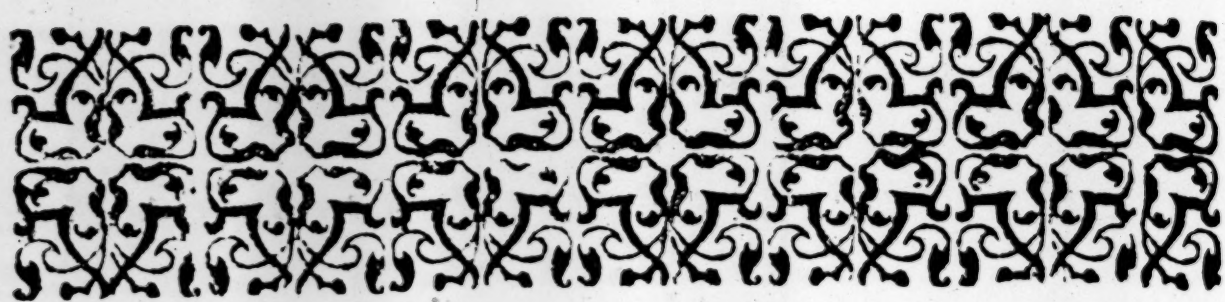


TO THE LADIE BENNET.



Adam, the seruice I doe owe to all
Your sisters, and your house in generall,
Would ask a volume, if y I could write it,
Or had but wit sufficient to indite it.
Yet, Madam, since I haue no worldly store,

I giue you that, I neuer gaue before:
And wanting one, yet may you take the other,
The fruits my weake inuention could discover.
Heere in this little volume may be read,
Some of her noble vertues, being dead;
Where you may striue in imitation,
To make more glorious by your application.
Some can gleane vertue from the smallest things,
And hony sucke from meanest flowers that springs:
Then how much more from her, whose honor true,
Such store of vertues doth afford to you.
Where, Madam, your faire intellectuall minde,
May more then I can, or haue vttered, finde.
Reade o're her life, and in your iudgement view her,
Who hath not much admir'd, that euer knew her?
Where eyes, eares, hearts, are vanished with the same,
Of her long happie, and time-honored name.
Then, Madam, since my meannesse is too great,
Of such a waightie subiect to intreat:
Some fauour lend, to grace this worke the better,
For which acceptance, I will die your debter.



TO THE LADIE MILDMAY.



Adam, some strangenesse may possesse
(you, when
You looke on these, and thinke vpon
(my pen,
What vaine and high conceit my bo-
(some haunted,

That would not be with such great honor daunted.
Yet, kinde and vertuous Lady, let me craue
What others in the like attempts may haue :
You which doe represent to me her name,
How can I hold you guiltlesse of her fame ?
But they must both concurre within your breast,
To keepe for euer their most bounteous feast :
No small affection shee could beare to you,
Giue Honor and your owne Desarts their due :
Shee lou'd you liuing, and with many graces
Did fill your soule, which vertue now imbraces :
VWhere Nature hath so well the workeman plai'd,
And her full due to euery member pai'd ;
That nought doth want within her bounteous store,
But lent it you to grace her glorie more.
Then, faire and worthie Ladie, condescend
To reade these humble lines, and fauour lend

To the Lady Mildmay.

To what may with your iudgement disagree,
Your liking lent, can grace both it and mee :
For such rare mindes with noble deeds insue,
VVill aske no little wit to sing them true :
'Tis no small worke, nor sleight, nor easie taske,
VVherein her vertues doe so dimly maske.
VVhat my defectiue pen doth want of skill,
Your vertuous minde accepting, may fulfil.
To whose cleare bosome I doe leaue the rest,
VVhich owes you more, then can be heere exprest.



TO THE IMPARTIAL AND
indifferent Reader.

REader whatsoeuer thou art accept, if may be,
These humble verses clad in shepheards weeds,
My subiect is an honourable Lady,
And of her vertuous life and sacred deeds.

Therefore I would intreat thee when thou reads
Vomit no venome forth, nor poysoned gall,
Lest that the like vpon thy pen befall.

Perchance thou lookst for, that I cannot giue,
Some ouer-flowing phrase of eloquence,
Wherein her high deserts might better line,
And yeeld the curious artist lesse offence:

But with his itching vaine I can dispense
And tell him this, pure vertue loncs to weare
Not all rich stuffe, but sometimes Camels haire.

I doe not know thy nature nor condition,
Be what thou wilt Ile nere ouerturne thy fauour,
I onely write to gentle dispositions
And may as well respect the meanest labour

Then doe not shew thy selfe of rough behaviour
As sharply for to censure what is written,
Mad dogges they are when none can scape unbitten.

Then passe thy verdict gently on my lines,
Shew not thy selfe more cruell then the rest,
I write not for to please disordered times,
But those to whom time hath mark'd for the best,

Then take thy course or yeeld to my request,
For I do stand indifferent rightly then
Speake what thou wilt speake and blame not my pen.

VERTUES



VERTVES ANATOMY.



See powers diuine, sole aide of humane

(wits,
Assist me with your sacred spirit a while,
And guide me in that path where ver-
(true lits,

And not with idle matters to defile
My time, her honour, and thy glory best,
With light vaine pamphlets, as haue done the rest.

But in some fairer course direct my lines,
That they may quiet passe vntoucht of wrongs,
Too weake I knowe to please these curious times,
VWhich swarmes about like bees with stinging tongues:
Kepe thy steps euen, for there is none to right thee,
If once *Detraction* that mad dog doth bite thee:

Then Oh thou dolefull Dame and tragick muse,
VWhich in blacke fable tunes dost euer mourne:
Some of thy power into my brest infuse,
That my dim candle may the better burne,
And giue the clearer light vnto her honour:
Admire so much of all that e're heard on her.

Vertues Anatomie.

A subiect far vnfit for such a quill
But that I thinke some fatall hand doth guide it,
And carries mee away against my will,
Not suffering me within my breast to hide it:
Such fire as this doth seldome burne within me
That hath such power thus from my selfe to win me,

Nor doe I thinke sufficient my weake skill
So great a subiect for to entertaine,
Far be such thoughts from my vnworthy quill
VWhich humbly writes, and not for glory vaine:
No I doe know my selfe, praise cannot tempt me,
Since Learning, wit, and all things else preuent me.

But for some stricter bond, which neerer ties me,
And zeale vnto that honord house I owe,
VWhich far about my power doth seeke to trie me,
My duty in these humble lines to shew:
This mite of wit, this little tallent lent me,
Which my bound seruice, al too meane hath sent thee.

For which I doe confesse *Minerva* might
Haue cause to sing in memorable lines,
The Muses, if they did her honor right,
Might haue sufficient worke for after times;
And all the learned wits that were of yore,
Might spend some paines to grace her vertues more.

But this vilde age which for the most part graces
The vicious nature and the hartlesse mindes:
And honors asses spring from golden races
VWherein true merit seldome any findes:
For where there's one such, fit for honors place,
Thers ten for him which fills them with disgrace.

For

Vertues Anatomie.

For gilded greatnesse sticke too much with prayfes,
Whose swelling pride bears al things down before the,
This age to greater fame. and fortune rayfes,
That like to Demigods the world adores them,
What pearles of prayfes daily of them rings,
Blowne with the winde of adulations wings.

What armes, what trophies haue they not erected,
What glory brought their vpstart houses to,
And in this world what persons more respected
VWhat if't so hard but that their power can doe:
Mamon their God, can purchase all for them
Lands, fame, renowne, nay more the soules of men.

These like the Dragon carry with their tayle
The third part of the starres, and rule the earth:
Their pride and power with controule preuaile,
And eate vp poore men like a timelesse dearth:
These which their greatnesse keepe the world in awe
Their will, their reason, and must stand for lawe.

For which great cause Dame vertue euer mourns
That her owne heires are destitute of fauours,
And others worthlesse placed in their romes
To feed vpon their true deseruing labors:
VWhilst they doe swell with honours she doth pine,
And must be forc'd to beg or serue the time.

Oh yee desired times reuerse your course
Vnto those antient customes which were then,
And let not these preferments lighs of worse
VWhich were ordain'd for wise and learned men,
For honor, vertue, wisedome, worth and merit,
Are the true heires those places to inherit.

Vertues Anatomie

Oh pardon me if I mistake my pen,
And from my purpose doe a little swarue,
It is the great abuses of these men,
Which doe the time, themselves and fortune serue,
That are vnto that height of greatnesse growne,
Masking in merits shape, and not their owne.

Was this the first cause of gentilitie,
Or from what stocke or roote did it descend
Was this the ground of true humanitie,
Their greatnes, by their greatnes to offend:
Was this the race from whom all Gentles sprung
Wherein that worthy name was first begun?

Was lands or large possessions the foundation
That men vnto that reuerend title came,
Or this worlds largest rule or domination,
Whereon so many did their glories frame,
If these must be the cause what will you call
Adam to be, which first possessed all?

If what this earths great compasse forth could bring
Whereof the least part makes a Gentle now:
Might neither be a Gentle, Lord, nor King
Nor to him honors nor renowne allowe,
Why should his broode with pride so much abound,
Possessing but a little peece of ground?

Was wealth or all the riches of the earth,
Without the which the best are held in scorne,
That could compose a Gentleman by birth,
Being meerely from the loynes of *Adam* borne?
Oh no if I should craue that faire discent,
From that foule roote I feare I should be shent.

} Was

Vertues Anatomie.

Wast might or some oppressing *Nymrods* hand
Whose powerfull pride did awe the weaker creatures,
And fought by force and violence to command
More then his owne, and raise that name to nature,
No heau'ns forbid vsurping tyranny,
Should ere be sprung from true gentility.

What was it then from humaine birth deriu'd
And had it her first being from that kinde,
The marke for which antiquitie long hath striu'd,
And which doth challeng the most fairest signe?
Oh, how can nature (I would aske this first)
Be gentle cald, whom heauens before had curst?

No *Adam*, if that these can title claime,
(As none without them now liues in request)
And challeng to themselves this gentle name,
Which at the first was onely giuen the best:
Then was thy birth, thy wealth, and worldly store
The most, and great'st: what man had euer more?

No, these are but th'admired broode of time,
Blowne like a bladder vp with froth and winde,
Made worldly great by prouidence diuine
When small gentility resteth in their minde:
Their fortunes rises but their vertues fall,
Poor'st in great'st plenty, weake when great'st of all.

But why doe I to little purpose stroue,
And make my selfe more curious far then wise,
This name from her beginning to deriue?
When euery vulgar worldling (too precise)
Doe hold too little for his swelling pride,
Whom no bonds hold, nor compasse true can guide.

Yc

Vertues Anatomie.

Yet since my laboring pen so much doth craue,
To search the ground of this so worthy name,
I must attempt with that bare skill I haue
For to define, least that I purchase blame.

For all these foure rehearst can neuer doe it,
Although they lay hardclaime, and title to it.

'Twas vertue, merit, and an humble minde;
'Twas curteous qualities, and most faire conditions;
'Twas true desert, loue, and affections kinde,
Grac't with the mil'dst and purest dispositions;
'Twas learned arts, and honor which proceeds,
Not from rough might, but weake & boueous deeds.

'Twas an assisting, not oppressing hand,
That did extend to charitable vses,
Defending right, and truth which could not stand
Free in those daies from wrongs, and some abuses,
Whose zeale did burne with vertue, and made all
Their end true honor, not an others fall.

'Twas iustice, piety, and a sacred spirit,
Which fit it inforc'd that faire name to be giuen,
Ador'd with famous deeds, and noble merits
Whose birth, and being is deriu'd from heauen;
No carnall birth no wealth, nor worldly honor
Can well be said to haue affinite from her.

And yet the most (this age so much bewitches)
Digresse from these, or else my muse mustly
Translated now to honor, state, and riches,
In which most hold, is tru'st gentility,
But let them haue it, I will not contend,
Their honors may deceiue them all i'th end.

Great

Vertues Anatomie.

Great King of heauen and earth, how shall I speake,
Which am but dust, and ashes vnto thee,
When my soules faculties are all too weak
Once to conceiue the meanest thought of thee?
And yet thou tearmst thy selfe but Sonne of man
Which vild wormes scorne, whose glorie's but a span.

Ambitions age, can Auarice blinde thee so,
To build such castles in vncertaine ayre?
What can your honors, powers and riches doe?
For age, and death thei'le leaue you to despaire,
Where thou canst not redeeme an howers time,
Though al the goods in thousand worlds were thine.

Thinke yee to buy his fauour with a price,
Or fee him with so many golden mines?
Can any let sinne purchase paradise,
Or giue sufficient ransome for your crimes?
Oh no these dreames doe but your senses tickle,
For in that hower, all that you hau's too little.

Reuerse your error, let not these molest you,
Why should faire falshood blinde your mentall eies?
That it may once be said vertue possessest you,
Wherein the truest fame and honor lies:
For smal's that greatnes, poore & weak's that glory,
Which hath his trust vppon things transitory.

Then seeke not to enrich posterity,
With an oppressing hand and cruell might:
Nor build your houses vp by tyranny,
Nor take possession of the poore mans right:
Lest *Achab*-like, in buying so you sell
Your house, your soule, and all you haue to hell-
What

Vertues Anatomie.

VWhat profit shall your tired soules receiue
Of all these riches, you haue heap'd together?
VWhen in a moment you must take your leaue
Of all your store, and goe you know not whither:
Your childré shew your wealth, y^e world your shame,
And all doe hate the memory of your name.

Most odious euer, hated of God and men,
Accursed riches, which will waste in vsing,
Vnluckie, and vnblest issue then,
VWhen all you haue is purchas'd by abusing:
Your parents knew not that their goods ill gotten
Their heires wold spéd, whē they were dead & rottē.

Oh what a ioyfull thing 'tis to behold,
Heires to succeed their fires in vertuous lore?
And strue their houses honor to vphold
VWith greater glory then it had before:
Studying by noble deeds t^rinrich their name,
To their immortall praise and endlesse fame.

But ah I feare, what I would not mistrust,
That heires to prodigall vices rather turne;
And leaue their honors trodden in the dust,
The losse whereof some ancient houses mourne,
Not liuing like themselues, in birth; but slaues,
Burying all vertue in their fathers graues.

The cause of which great waste and fall of heires,
I iudge the impious times of wretched fathers;
VWhose auaritious thoughts and greedie cares;
To fatten them and theirs, vniustly gathers;
And waste their braines in studying day and night,
To purchase that, which is anothers right.

Oh

Vertues Anatomie.

Oh why should these be grac'd? why should a pen
Dip'd in the purest liquor of those springs,
Attend the earthly glory of these men,
VVhich shame vnto the truest honor brings:

As we doe see Fame none so much dorth boast
As those whose liues haue tyranniz'd it most?

If these, vnto such fortunes haue attain'd,
Built on the slippery ground of fading Fame,
Then what great glorie shall thy honor gaine?
Or what sufficient pen can praise the same?

If Vice with Tombes, and Epitaphes is renown'd,
VVherewith shal thy rare vertuous deeds be crown'd?

If out-side honor, if vsurped greatnesse,
If painted pictures of Iniquitie,
Can haue their praises sung with wondrous sweetnesse,
Which nere deseru'd the meanest dignitie;

VVhat shall the true bred honor of the minde,
Adorn'd with vertues excellencies, finde?

Did not thy ventures challenge from Fames wings,
One quill or pen t'immortalize thy name?

Is any enuious Serpent left that stings,
Or can with th'smallest tincture touch thy fame?

Are not thy vertues and thy honors blest
VVith as great grace, and glory as the rest?

Then why should not some worthy spirits vprise,
And with vndaunted quill her honor sing?

VVhy should they not her worth and vertues praise,
As high as theirs which from corruption springs?

Whose shame's their glory, & their aime's (their stain)
At nought but worldly things, and glory vaine.

No,

Vertues Anatomie.

No, worthy Lady, doe not thinke a Tombe
Can thy fresh memory from this world diuide:
Nor thinke that this earths all-deuouring wombe
Within her bowels, can thy vertues hide,
Nor wrong thy merits, nor arrest thy worth,
Which spite of Time, will spring and flourish forth.

That monumentall white, faire marble Tombe,
Cannot containe thy noble deeds and merits,
When all the world is knowne too little roome
To comprehend, in bounds, thy boundlesse spirit:
But still shall time, with vs, be euer telling
Ages to come, thy vertuous life exceilng.

Nor, doe not thinke, though in corruptions bed
Thy body lies interr'd at Tuddington,
That therefore thou art quite forgot and dead,
Or from our memories cleane exil'd and gone:
No, no, thy name and fame againe will raise thee,
And spite of death, will make the world to praise thee.

No't was decreed of euermlasting fate,
That vertue should endure, and neuer die:
Made to out-live Times rage, and longest date,
Writ with a pen of sure eternitie:
Where if the Muses faile her worth to raise,
Then babes and sucklings will speak forth her praise.

Which hath induc'd my infant Muse to write,
My suckling wits, which all too meane presumes,
Where if that learning cannot well indite,
How shall I doe with these impolish'd runes?
But hope the best; for euils come soonest then,
When least suspected, and deseruing them.

Then

Vertues Anatomie.

Then launch into the Ocean of her honor,
So rare a Phænix, and our countries wonder:
Thy Muse, I doubt much merit will take from her;
Or else her silly backe will split asunder,
Yet beare the sayles vp, heauens may send a winde
T'inspire me how to praise her vertuous minde.

Which they that true religion pure and blest,
Not mixed with Idolatrie, nor defil'd:
Whose vertuous life and deeds did her professe,
An Itraelite true, in whom there was no guile;
Imbracing of the sacred truth in loue,
From which no worldly cares could her remoue.

That sought to know and learne those artes Diuine.
Which onely vnto true saluation tend;
And therein much did exercise her minde,
To profit by the truth which all defend:
Misplacing errors, which doe seeke to blinde
The way of truth, in selfe-affected minde.

No verball, but a mentall true profession,
Ingrauen in her honorable brest;
Wherein it tooke most sure and deepe impression,
That grace and honor heere did euer rest:
Making the one illustrious by the other,
As if they were both twins, sprung from one mother.

And surely so they are, as neere allyed,
Who wins their honors by their vertues first
Can witnesse well their noble deeds haue tried,
Though Fortune now bestowes them on the worst:
'Tis but externall honor they doe winne,
Whose houses end, before they doe beginne.

For

Vertues Anatomie.

For thou Religion art a feely sound,
Accounted in these nice and curious times,
Of many mightie troubles made the ground,
VVhom ouer-searching doubts, and errors blindes:
So many truths, that which of them to take,
To many wandering wits doe question make.

This is the truth, they'le neuer start away;
From this vnto another straight they are gone:
Then to that sect they know not what to lay,
Thus are they busie in all, but firme in none: (turne
Then this they like, then that, then straight theyle
To any thing, I thinke, before theyle burne.

Such trees, which like the fig-tree seemes most faire,
VVhen nought but leaues and blossomes it affords;
And in the eyes of th'world are iudg'd most rare,
That onely paints Religion out in words,
That learnes to tip their tongues with Artes diuine,
VVhen damn'd Hypocrisie resteth in their minde.

VVhose gesture, workes, lookes, words, and actions all
VVith similar shewes are yarnish'd to deceiue men,
VVith heau. p. vp hands and eyes to heauen they call,
As if deuotion would of sense bereaue them:
And knock their brests, when as their hearts within
Lie buried vp in flesh, and bloud, and sinne.

Such strange comixtures of Religion holds them,
That they, like mad-men, care not where they bite:
And *Iudas*-like, a little price hath sold them,
That euen the worst of errors they doe like:
Thus are they, through their owne rash-daring skill,
Led captiue of the Diuell, to doe his will.

How

Vertues Anatomie.

How many strange Religions are there found,
That will dispute of truth, and seeme to know it?
How many sects, and rules, yet all vnfound?
As this vaine, light-belceeing age can show it.
If such a number into errors fall,
How many more, which hold no truth at all?

Good God, which art the onely trnth and guide,
Keep's from those errors, wherein some are caught,
That we from thee may neuer fall nor slide,
But willingly embrace the Gospell taught:
That no inuentions, heresies, cratts or guiles
May worke in vs, our safetie to beguile.

But, worthy Lady, who did'st keepe the truth
From superstition, and Idolatrie free;
Both in old age, in middle yeares and youth,
That in such greatnesse few haue done like thee:
Where many liue, to whom that name belongs,
Which onely Christianize it in their tongues.

But thy firme resolution fixed was,
And vnremoued stood against all those,
Which seemes to set a colour, and a glosse
Vpon Religion, falshood to inclose:
Vnder which faire pretext often doth lie,
Most dangerous deepe deceits our soules to trie.

The truth thy soule delighted: not to striue
On idle questions, which no profit brings;
Whil'st some new sought inuentions can contriue,
To draw hard questions from the meanest things:
Wresting those words, that sence, to what they'd
And not as right and true constructions craue.

Vertues Anatomie.

But thou, the praise of these vnconstant times,
Mad'st not this world the patterne to doe ill;
But like a candle did'st in darknesse shine,
And fram'dst thy life vnto thy Makers will,
Not tossed to and fro with euery winde,
Which wraps in many errors wandring mindes.

But did'st continue, to thy vtmost breath,
A zealous Protestant, and religious friend:
Not stain'd with heresie in thy life, nor death,
But seal'd'st thy last gaspe with a glorious end:
Which made the Angels sing, and heauens reioyce,
That thou with *Mary* madest so good a choyse.

Thy faith as great and rare, did apprehend
The second person in the Trinitie:
On whom thy whole saluation did depend,
Wrought by his passions so effectually:
Not mingling of his merits with humane powers,
Ascribing that to vs, which is not ours.

But to thy selfe by priuate application,
Did'st ceize on all those promises sweet and faire,
Writ in the Scriptures for our consolation,
To keepe vs vp from horror and despaire: (vs,
That when deepe fouds, & waters seeme to drowne
Our faith may shine in darknesse then, & crowne vs.

And bring our soules into that glorious rest,
Wrought by his passions, sufferings, death and merit,
Which he hath purchas'd for the chosen best,
After this mortall labour to inherit:
Redeeming vs, when we were cast away,
With such a price as none but he could pay.

That

Vertues Anatomie.

That holy one, that pure vnspotted Lambe;
That did descend, from his eternall throwne,
For vs vile sinners, being God and man;
To satisfie the wrath of heauen alone:
And vnderwent such torments, griefes, and paines,
To make his greatest losse, our greatest gaines.

Oh happie Lady, whose erected minde,
This glorious object of thy faith so loues?
Thy soules delight, which ioyes and comforts finde,
Where all the triall of thy faith he proues:
And viewes the pure deuotions of thy heart,
Which for his seruice thou had'st set apart.

There, in that euerlasting booke of fate,
Are written downe the triall of thy loue,
Thy faith, zeale, piety, and that happy state,
Which far beyond our thoughts, thy soule doth proues:
Such great felicitie, ioyes, which ioyes excell,
That tongues of men and Angels cannot tell.

Could the heau'ns see thy labours and endeuor,
And to thy louing cares giue no regard?
Thy constancie, whereby thou did'st perseuer
Vnto the end, and yeeld thee no reward?
Oh no, 'tis hard to thinke. but worse to say,
That heau'ns great giuer should himselfe deny!

He that rewards vniust and wicked men
With ample benefits, shall he not be kinde
Vnto his owne deare chosen children then;
Or suffer them to slip out of his minde?
If he so liberall be to the vniust,
What shall he be to those that in him trust?

Vertues Anatomie.

Oh no, Great Lady, he will doe no wrong,
Nor once deny himselfe, let none so thinke;
Hee's iust and true, although he beareth long;
Nor is he blinde, although he seeme to winke:

But doth behold thy faith, which neuer faints,
Where he doth crowne thee with his dearest Saints.

That bitter combate held with flesh and blood,
And mightie conflict, which assaults the best;
Which by his powerfull hand thou hast withstood,
And quench'd those fiery darts which neuer rest:

But still new battailes, warre and strife begin
Against our soules, faire Sions fort to win.

Yet all these cannot shake thy glorious hold,
See firme and constant faith doth still endure,
Which makes thy trust and confidence so bold;
Ayde him that most vndoubted ayde assure;

He takes thy part, he will not see thee foil'd,
Nor to thy foes become a prey, nor spoild.

Heere did the triall of thy faith appeare,
In his continuall fight with flesh and blood,
Which shew'd thy loue vnto thy Sauour deare,
Which could not be by worldly hopes withstood:

But still persisted, striving for to winne
That powerfull monster, *Hydra*-headed sinne.

Thou neuer vnto Saints and Angels prayde,
Nor mad'st petitions to them in thy need;
Which whilst they liu'd, did want our Sauours ayde,
Whose finnes, as well as ours, did make him bleed;
And was the cause that stopp'd his glorious breath
To ransom them, as well as vs, from death.

Yet

Vertues Anatomie.

Yet will not these proud Pharisees be perswaded,
But vrge traditions, from their fathers taught :
And haue the Gospell through their power inuaded,
And many holy needlesse reliques sought
Of ancient Saint, and holy men deceased,
Whereby their great Idolatry's increased.

If *Peter, James, nor Iohn, nor reuerent Paul*
Would neuer suffer, but denied those men
To offer any sacrifice at all,
Nor with the smallest worship honor them : (ods,
Why should wee thinke they craue such wonderous
To be ador'd, or pray'd to now, like gods ?

If that the Angell would not suffer *Iohn*, (him,)
(Whose brightnesse made him fall downe flatte before
Ascribe no honor, but to God alone,
Nor with diuine prostration to adore him :
Why should those Saints, which were but sinful men,
Desire such grace and glory done to them ?

Nor sure they doe not, did not superstition
Broch now for doctrine, what true faith enuies ;
And by their Romish trash make such Diuision,
Which God, Saints, Angels, heauen and all denies ;
Where Christ with them, and they with Christ agree
To make their prayers t'only none but thee :

For him hath God the Father sealed true,
He pay'd the price, he bought vs with his blood ;
Then vnto him the debt is onely due,
Which can in humane iustice be withstood :
All worship, prayer, praise, and glorie too,
Belongs to him, and more then we can doe.

Vertues Anatomie.

For there's no precept which that dutie bindes,
No law that doctrine found to ratifie,
Vnlesse some false zeale, and affections blinde,
Should broach for truth this error first: for why
Should not the Prophets, Patriarkes, and the rest
Be pray'd vnto, which were as highly blest?

Yes sure, their grace, their merits, and their faith
Were euen as great, as were the great'st of them;
And had as much praise giuen (as Scripture saith)
Which heard, saw, knew, and talk'd with God like men:
More loue, more grace, more fauor who hath knowne
To be to any of th' Apostles showne.

And yet Romes Towre, proud Babell will withstand,
And broach their owne inuentions for pure truth;
With sweete compounded doctrines held in hand,
They cunningly beguile vnstable youth,
And doe deceiue their soules with name of him
Which did descend from heauen to die for sin.

Which in the habite come of harmelesse sheepe,
Yet are most strange deuouring wolues within,
And many holy obseruations keepe,
To varnish out hypocrisie and sin:
They seeme pure Saints, but looke a little further,
And you shal find, their poisonings, rapes & murder.

And yet the heau'ns their lingering vengeance spares
(Good Lord grant grace vnto thy little focke)
For to discern their frauds, deceits, and snates
And build our trust on thee, the liuing Rocke,
That sure and certaine ground which neuer falls
When theirs shall waste, consume and perish all.

But

Vertues Anatomic.

But thou which build'st vpon that corner stone
Thy faith, whose fruits so euidently appeares,
And mad'st thy soules desire to him alone,
VVhich on his head a crowne of thornes did weare:
VVhose vnpolluted conscience better tells,
That truest faith with grace, and vertue dwells.

And where thou seest with those translucent eyes,
Thy Soueraigne Lord and Sauour crown'd in glorie,
VVhich all the waies of his elected tries
Through pains, griefes, teares, and sad afflictions storie:
The patient sufferings of his poore elected,
VVhich in this world are vil'd of all respected,

Thus, worthy Lady, if thy faith was weigh'd,
VVith many Ladies now it would contend
For crowne, and praise, and all their pride vpbraide,
VVhich makes externall honor all their end:
And glory, in the greatnesse of their birth,
Or else their wea'th, which is as little worth.

But thou which honor, praise, and glory sings
Vnto the Father of eternitie.
And to his Sonne, which such saluation brings,
Crowning our faithes with immortalitie:
VVere now translated to that place of rest,
He leaue thy faith triumphing with the best.

And to that vertue which few ladies knowes,
Or at the least will not acknowledge, knowne,
Because it loues not pride, nor Court-like showes,
But still retires it selfe to liue alone,
Sequestred from those great resorts of sinne,
VVhich many spend their youthfull glories in.

Vertues Anatomie.

Is that rich vertue, Great humilitie,
Yet not too great, in great men now adayes,
The onely badge of true Gentilitie;
If gentle bloods would ponder all her wayes,
And scand thy worth, or truely finde thee out,
Then *Adams* brood would neuer be so stout.

Nor would the mightie Monarchs tyrannize,
Nor seeke by violence to vsurpe a crowne,
Nor noble blouds their honors preiudice,
In treading poore dispised Orphanes downe:
The *quondam* Farmer turn'd a gentle now,
Would not vpon the backes of poore men plow.

Oppression would not beare so great a hand,
Nor these Rent-rayfers racke their tenants ground,
Authoritie would not on such strict tearmes stand;
Nor with his grisly lookes the weake confound:
No pride, nor periuries, fraud, nor glory vaine
Shall haunt thee, when this vertue thou hast gain'd.

The key t'vnlocke the knowledge of the minde,
That all her imperfections may appeare,
The salve to cure her eyes that were so blinde,
The wholesome balme to heale the deafest eare,
The soueraigne cordiall which the heauens affords
To mortall men, not to be spoke with words.

Oh thou which makes the heart of man as poore,
As is the sparrow on the houses top,
And commend'st him with feare and shame the more,
VVhen conscience pleads the sinnes which he forgot:
A heauier reckoning, did not heauen forgiue vs,
And with their grace and mercie great relieue vs.

Thou

Vertues Anatomie.

Thou which pul'dst downe the proud aspiring spirit,
And makes it leuell with the low estate;
Confoundest naturall pride, wit, strength, and merit,
An leauest humane worth cleane desolate:
Rob'fvs of power, and workes, to build our trust,
Not in our selues, but Iesus Christ the Iust.

Thou Queene of vertues, and the onely guide
VVhich lead'st this ladie to that heauenly rode;
And that meane path so opposite to pride,
VVhich in these sinfull times but few haue trode:
The reines, which bri les Natures power, & tels the
How vile a sinne ambition is, and swels them:

Thou whose low spirit, meeke heart, and humble minde
Did crowne the Conqueresse o're the crowne of pride,
Thou which did'st lose these toys, those ioyes to finde,
And hast thy selfe, within thy selfe, denide.
Hast found by meekenesse, honor; rest for crosses,
Ioyes for thy sorrowe profit for thy losses.

So gentle, curteous, affable and kinde,
That most would think it would disgrace their honor,
If they should beare but such a lowly minde
And much renowne and dignitie take from her:
As not to vse that state to her belongs,
Impaire her worth, and noble honor wrongs.

Why should not persons of the noblest straine
Their honors vse, their state and name vphold?
Why should they not their glory great maintaine,
As well as their forefathers did of old?
It is their owne, and they were borne vnto it,
Why is it counted pride in them to doe it?

'Tis

Vertues Anatomie

'Tis true great Ladie I do know no cause,
If honor in it selfe doth liue confinde:
Nor breakes not iustice, loue, nor natures lawes,
Which sauadge beasts in some affections binde:
That hath well learn'd to know and rule himselfe,
Imbracing vertue, and contemning pelfe.

But they that glory in their state and greatnesse,
And gentle curtesie, count base flauery,
Which holds the highest pride, but cleanly neatnesse;
And their strong Tyranny, braue validity:
Nor in his nature's found but little good,
What profit is their in this noble blood?

What house so famous that did not begin,
And from most meeke and worthy mindes proceede?
Which did at first their braue achievements win,
From vertues time and honorable deeds:
If it be so why should not humble spirits
Possesse vs still, like glory to inherit?

But such are the vilde customes of these times,
That vertue is asham'd, her selfe to knowe,
She shall be taxt, she feares for some base ruines,
If their full power, and grace she publicke shewes:
Vertue must weare the cloak of vice about her,
Or else your greatest gallants will but flout her.

'Tis now dishonor to be honorable,
And right must now indure a little wrong:
Truth like the times must change, or be vnstable,
Or else she must but whisper with her tongue:
Loue, pittie, charity, if they want, I feare,
Must get their liuin' where they cannot heare.

Well

Vertues Anatomie.

Well could thy better guided spirits approue
To kepe a meane gate in an humble path,
And not to climbe those lofty seates aboue,
Which many cares and discontentments hath,
Whereof Dame fortune queene of chāge doth raigne;
And who she list shall vp, then downe againe.

But still pure heau'ns thy honor did preferue,
Clad in those humble garments Christ did weare,
From which thy vertuous minde did neuer swarue:
But still a gentle spirit didst loue and beare,
And neuer hadst this lesson far to seek;
Come learne of me that humble am, and meeke.

But hadst both read, and knowne from the beginning,
How grace attends the one, and shame the other,
Greatnesse, and honors are such spurres to sinning,
And there's no vice so great, but pride can couer:
Humility, the first true lesson learns vs,
How we should know our selues, & best discernes vs.

In thy faire brest this vertue fixed lies,
Which like a pretious Iewell doth adorne thee,
And as a chaine those other graces ties, (borne thee
Which through the eath with such renowne hath
With mounting *Icarus* doest feare no fall,
Nor yet seeke meanes to raise thy state at all.

Great Lady whose rare vertues passing thought,
And weake imagination can't attaine:
A prize for mortall men too dearely bought,
And which the Gods themselues can best maintaine:
For who can tell the spirits power that's giuen,
From that all powerfull power, the king of heauen?
Thou

Vertues Anatomie.

Thou which didst seeke to hide thy honour great,
Lapt vp from fame within our countries armes,
To keepe with vs thy residentall seate,
So faire and sure from high aspiring harmes:
Suppressing by a life retir'd that guest,
Which crown's thee with more glory, then the rest.

No, that true honor which from vertue springs,
Like to a sparke will kindle without blowing,
Or like a tree which fruite in autumn brings,
That spite of winters rage is euer growing
And fills the owners brest with glory store,
That Kings ne're knew, nor yet possesse before.

Whilst those that liue in greatest Monarches grace,
And sit vpon the pinnacle of fame,
That fortune at their pleasure can embrace,
And thinke to get a neuer dying name:
Haue not to halfe thy praise with all their paines,
Arriu'd vnto, which thou vnought for gaine.

Thy humble life like to thy Sauour led,
In greatest greatnesse meeke, in plentie poore
Did make thy fame renowne and honor spred,
And did increase thy prayes more and more,
That in concealing as the worthiest vses,
Thy honors grace thee, and more grace infuses.

Thou didst not beare a losseie scornfull eye,
Nor glory in the greatnesse of thy state,
Nor exercise thy minde in things too high:
But vnder-aluest what most highly rate,
And mad'st thy minde, a map for all to see
The straine of vertue, in gentility.

Thus

Vertues Anatomie.

Thus did thy humble life in high degree,
Raife thy vnwilling minde to more renowne,
Induing thee with greater dignitie,
Then those that with mo worldly pomp were crown'd,
For thine were true, and did from vertue growe,
Else heauen & earth, would ne'r haue grac't them so.

But for her temperance in attire and diet,
Which shew how much she worldly pompe dispised,
And free from that super-abounding riot,
Which is by some to prodigall bloods deuised,
So strict vnto her selfe to others free,
That gaue content in liberallity.

And which did liue confinde in her estate,
Not prodigally to wast in surfets store,
Nor after such a vild luxurious rate,
To pamper flesh with cloide delights the more:
But kept a better course, and shun'd those sinnes,
Which curious and delightfull appetites brings.

Whilst some in beastly Epicurisme spend,
And waste their daies in vild licentiousnes,
Glutting insatiate tast, but to offend,
And make their God their bellies for excessse,
Which eate, & drinke, & spend their time like slaues,
To fatten sin, wormes, Sathan, and the graues.

Whilst she did vse the meanes that might procure,
The least offence that could be giuen in this,
No such delicious bayts could her allure,
T'abuse heauens gift in vsing them amisse;
But did obserue and keepe so true a diet,
As kept her health full, and her soule in quiet.

What

Vertues Anatomie.

What Abstinence hath she vs'd to subdue
Those causes, & those motions which might tempt her,
To make her proue vnto her selfe vntrue,
Or with the taile of follow could preuent her,
Oh no who striues that glorious marke to win,
Must fly the meanes, as well as fly the sin.

What man that open lies vnto his foes,
From dangers and disgraces can be free,
What man that with his enemies walkes and goes,
That can stand firme, and neuer conquered be?
What man that graspes sin in his wanton armes,
Can free escape, and ne're be toucht with harmes?

Oh no it is too hard for flesh and blood,
If heau'ns should vs with our owne frailties trust,
We should come short for to performe that good,
Alas what power and strength doth lie in dust,
When euery winde, blast, tempest, storme, & weather,
Blowes vs away far lighter then a feather?

Good Lady how far was thou blest aboue vs,
That could so moderate thy affections here:
Where thy example is enough to moue vs,
If any loue, zeale, grace and heauenly feare
Were wrought in this obdurate heart of ours,
To make vs better serue th'eternall powers.

That ciuill block not larded with much cost,
Nor wrought with broadered worke most curiously,
Whereby some haue both wealth and credit lost,
A iust reward for thoughts that mount too high,
Could not surprize, nor in subiection bring,
Her minde at all to like so vaine a thing,

For

Vertues Anatomie.

For well she knew that flesh and blood is apt
Of it owne nature to be proud enough,
And needs not such inticements to intrap,
As cloth of Tissue, gold, or richer stuffe,
Which often makes the wearer wondrous proud,
Though 'tis for Kings, and princes courts allowd.

Yet for those men that can direct their minds,
Whose gentle spirits in vertue haue bin bred,
And by desarts haue vnto honor climb'd:
Such costly garments haue bene giuen and red:
But vpstarts now haue tooke that glory from her,
Most imitate the fashion, few the honor.

But she which for this vertue liues a wonder,
Lashes not loosely into such extreames:
But keeps without constraint her greatnesse vnder,
And with her honor and her state dispneses,
Fitting her habit euer to her minde,
Most ciuill, modest, pure of vertues kinde.

She decks not out with gawdy ostentation,
This earthly substance to be gaz'd vpon,
No new inuentions, and disttinguish'd fashion,
These changing times can tempt her to put on:
But liues alone makes vertue all her gaine,
Despising worldly pompe and glory vaine.

She couets not this popular admiration,
The which ambitious nations most desire
Nor makes her glory this worlds reputation,
Which sets the heart of men so much on fire,
Nor stands on honors, titles, nor renowne,
Whose broken trust hath cast a number downe.

VVe

Vertues Anatomie.

Nor doth she spend her time like some of those,
In dressing,trimming, varnishing of beauty,
Wherein too many doe such trust repose,
They cleane forget all heavenly love and duty,
And spend their deereſt howeres, and ſweeteſt daies,
In flouriſhing that faire, which ſoone decaies.

Nay which is worſe, a lamentable caſe
Some new complexions and adulterous art;
They can deuile to paint their fading face,
And helpe that worke which nature doth impart,
Whoſe damnd inuentions ſeekes to mend that hew,
Whom heauen at firſt did make moſt beſt and true.

And pamper vp the fleſh in all delights,
And looſe their pleaſures, in what they doe craue,
Which in vaine ſtudies ſpend whole daies and nights;
What diet, faſhion, and aſpire to haue:
Conſuming halfe their time in flattering glaſſes,
To idolize that which is duſt and aſhes.

Which trim, and dreſſe with artificiall ſhapes
Their painted bodies like to rotten combs,
And onely but for worldly glory gapes,
As if they ſprung not from corrupted wombs,
But had ſome priuiledge both from heauen & nature
To be adored like Gods, not mortall creatures.

Whoſe proud ambitious thoughts do ſwell ſo high,
They thinke no mortall worthy to come neere them,
But they muſt crouch or kneele ſubmiſſively,
Their looks and greatnes makes them ſo to feare them,
That ſcarce a furlongs diſtance will content them,
If proſtrate duty be not done, and lent them.

Nay

Vertues Anatomie.

Nay, when they'ave done the best, and all they can,
If grace. speech, action, doth not well adorne him,
And rarest gesture, art can giue to man,
The'le hold him for a seruile clowne, and scorne him,
His duty and behauiour comes far short,
To grace such honors as attends the Court.

Yee glorious heau'ns to whom all honor's due,
Yee blinde vs not to such strict seruice here
So that our hearts be firme, vpright, and true,
And your great reuerent name doth loue and feare:
These outward duties yee did ne're require:
Which greatest bloods, and mightiest men desire.

Yet there be duties, would but true ones serue them,
That none in humaine iustice can deny,
For to be giuen to those that best deserue them,
And keepe their thoughts from mounting vp too high,
But if they once abuse them dutie flies,
And flatterers straight doe sooth them vp with lies.

VVhat will this age come to, will it not burst
With vice, and sinne, and split it selfe a sunder,
Can patient heauens forbear their lingring curse,
And not with speedy vengeance quickly thunder:
Then truth and conscience, iustice, loue, and pittie,
Fly quickly hence to that eternall citty.

For here is no respect, nor friendship dwelling,
For any of you clad in pouerty,
It is ingroft quite vp by all mens telling,
Within the cloffet of eternitie,
Where they doe dwell sithence as little worth:
Till Christ doth come againe to iudge the earth.

Vertues Anatomie.

Art thou a Lady great in birth and honor,
Art thou of state, ranke, meanes to equall others?
Then why should'st thou take any glory from her,
Or by obicurity thus thy greatnesse smother:
Is there a better honor bred within thee,
That from these worldly honors thus can win thee?

Yet Lady had thy neuer ranging eye,
Tooke but a viewe of what they might behold,
How many vanities might they soone descric,
Which nature needs not, dayly to be sold?
Where more spent far in superfluitie,
Then would some nature in necessitie.

But thou which from these vaine delights didst flie,
And little knowes the vices of these times,
Clos'd vp in one roome from societie,
In better studies and in arts diuine,
Didst shew thy temperance from all worldly ioyes,
And those false baytes which many minds annoyes.

Thus didst thou spend thy pretious howers and time,
In reading vertuous and most sacred bookes,
And truly seruing of the powers diuine,
Nor to these worldly vanities once lookes,
Wherewith thou hadst continuall warre and strife
Which crownes thee such a meritorious wife.

Her senses were not organs vnto folly,
Nor conducts to receiue in vanitie,
These outward entrances she kept more holy,
And not expos'd to worldly amitie.

But for heauens zeale, and glory stopt those sluces,
And bars the passage which might cause abuses.

Nor

Vertues Anatomie.

Nor did her eares itch after nouelties,
Nor yet inquisitiue was in curious matters:
But ere restraine those powers and faculties,
From smoth tongud Gnatoes which are vi'd to flatter,
Whose whispring tōgues if that they once come neer the
Will strait infect them, if they deigne to heare them.

And like to hony drop into their eares,
That poyson which soone swell ambitious spirits,
That nothing else they doe desire to heare,
But their owne praises, honors, worth, and merits,
And rockt asleepe in their securitie,
Make themselves equall to the deitie.

Oh had but great men or great princes courts,
Bene free from this how happy had they bin?
Such treasons, massacres, and plots of sundry sorts,
None had contriu'd to snare the mighty in,
They might haue slept securely without feares,
Had not this rancker crept into their cares,

Oh snare to honor, stayne to noble blood
Thou great disease, obsequious adulation,
Which Vultur-like doest feede vppon the good,
And preys vppon them in so faire a fashion,
That thou doest bite by fawning, kil'st by smiling,
Strangl'st by loue, and by most trust beguiling.

But she which loues not no such Sirens singing,
Doth tune far better musick to her minde,
And knowes those rare contents, & cōforts bringing,
With all those ioyes which those that proue them finde
Whilst many cares and troubles vext their spirits,
Which hunt for praise, and glorie vaine inherits.

Vertues Anatomie.

And waste their bodies and their soules together,
To compasse here this windy blast of praise,
Which hauing got they haue but caught a feather,
And like to smoake, and vapours soone decaies,
But those whom truest fame and vertue raises,
Ne're lul's themselves a sleepe with their owne prayes.

Pardon great Lady my vnworthy quill,
That it should doe thy name, and honor wrong.
And looke not to my art, but to my will,
Which more affords then can be told with tongue:
What learning wants, let something else supply,
I know his pitch is for my reach to high.

She that did liue so long, and rule alone,
And fairely did support her houses fame,
A widdow, wife, and maide, confinde in one,
In all, and seuerall states so free from blame,
That enuy, nor the iniurious hand of time,
Could euer staine, or touch with any crime.

Her thoughts so continent, and her chaste desires,
Which neuer rioted in expence of time,
Sprung from those true eternall liuing fires,
Which doth all vertue to it selfe combine
Not lightly led, nor starting now and then
To place new fancies in affecting men.

But truely kept her selfe vnto her loue,
Her worthy loue, in youth, in age, in death:
So constant, faithfull, true as turtle doue,
Where her affections gaue no second breath:
But liu'd in one pure loue, and neuer changed,
In thoughts so firmly knit, they neuer ranged.

Which

Vertues Anatomie.

Which for the space of almost thirty yeares,
Did rule alone her house admir'd of many,
Such holy graces in her life appeares;
Such perfect vertues seldome seene in any:
A virgin, wife, a widow, maide, to be,
So old in honor, yet from folly free.

Could not her long deceased spouse before,
Grac'd with so many worthy after loues,
Nor time, nor nature which could argue more,
Nor any thing from that strict course remoue:
But still her resolution doth perseuer,
Inuiolate vnto the first for euer.

Why then poore pen doest thou attempt so far,
And canst not touch the riches of her honor,
Nor nothing neere describe this glorious starre:
But rather much vnhidden worth take from her,
The little world of thy poore wit on fire,
Will rather burne then satisfie desire.

Yet giue me leaue great Readers to admire,
Faire imitators of her honors worth;
Although I cannot satisfie desire,
Nor set her high desarts, and honor forth,
Accept my will, which must remaine your debtor,
Till time, or heau'ns shall grace me to sing better.

She in whose breast, grace such impression tooke,
That made her time not like a mortall creature;
Which honors, state, and dignities forsooke,
A thing most hard and wondrous strange to nature,
That vertue should be found for to contemne,
Such meanes and fortunes, as aduanceth them.

Vertues Anatomie.

Could grace and vertue natures force expell,
And breake those lawes wherein she binds too many!
Could heauenly gifts in such a concord dwell,
So welbelou'd within the heart of any:
That in so many daies they should not fall,
Nor yet be toucht with any crime at all.

Pure-thoughted Lady which preserues thy soule
So cleane from fleshly crimes, and carnall pleasures,
Nor didst consent vnto such actions foule,
Wherein too many wallow out of measure,
That inbred sin which neuer leaves the most,
Till nature's ready to yeeld vp the ghoast.

One loue thy soule delighted, which decease,
Did liue a fresh in the still vndiuided,
Two persons ioynd in one makes no release
Till both be dead in loue so firmly gaided,
Death parts the body, but the soule doth honor,
In shadie groues to meete so true a louer.

So constant Lady thou which after death,
In strength of yeares to no such bayts did yeeld,
Gaines fame a second life, and longer breath,
Whose stedfast loue, on better ground did build,
Where palmes of victorie in thy hands are found,
And lawrell wreaths to girt thy temples round.

Where thou *Diana*-like didst lead a life,
In sacred loue mixt with most chaste desire,
Or like those holy vestalls void of strife,
Which keepes their honors spotlesse, and intire,
And neuer lookes so true a course they liue,
To those enchantments which the world doth giue:
Where

Vertues Anatomie.

Where purest loue like to the morning dew,
Sent downe from him which all good gifts infuses,
Inioyes those rare contents giuen but to few,
To very few which worldly traffique vses,
So great and meeke, so chaste, and yet a wife,
For not a mortals, but an Angels life.

Which onely keeps not from societie,
Thy person free, but quencht those inward fires,
And from loose thoughts, and vaine delights didst flie,
Hating th'imbracements of vnchast desires
And gaue no place to such inticements vaine,
Which proues the owners losse, the actors paine.

How canst thou then great Lady all forsake,
So many thousand bayted hopes to see,
And many great ones little rest to take,
Whilst thou securely sleeps from dangers free?
No thy chaste bosome neuer lusted so,
To loose a freind for to embrace a foe.

Thou worthy patterne of this wanton age,
Whose pure affections dispossesseth sin,
And acts thy part vpon this earthly stage,
As chaste as she whose loue Troy towne did win:
Oh who would wish more honor in this life,
Then die a vertuous widow, virgin, wife?

Thou mightst haue knit thy selfe in sacred bands,
With honorable persons in degree,
In *Hymens* rites vniting hearts and hands,
And not haue wrong this first loue being free,
Oh but thy soule sayes to thy selfe alone,
That sayth most firme, that keeps it selfe to one.

Vertues Anatomie.

No friend nor loue since thy bosome smothers,
But Christ thy Sauour, spouse, and husband deare,
For whose deare sake thou hast forsooke all others,
How great, or rich so e're they liued here;
And sworne vnto thy selfe, and made a vow
To serue, loue, feare, and keepe him onely now.

Oh happy choise, yet man and wife do varry,
From these pure paths, which vnto vertue tends,
They care not who, nor yet how oft they marry
For loue of lucre, lust, or worldly freinds:
Exchanging oft the better for the worse,
Who weds a second neuer lou'd the first.

Such foule respects are so ingrauen in vs,
First beauty, that faire object doth allure vs.
Then mighty friends in state or meanes doth win vs,
That from insuing dangers may secure vs:
But last and greatest is wealth, reuenewes, riches,
The which the soules of men so much bewiches.

Long maist thou liue in thy more happier choise,
That euerlasting loue which fadeth neuer,
Long mayst thou, with that Bridegroom faire reioice,
In those triumphing ioyes which lasteth euer,
Long maist thou honor, praise and glory sing,
Vnto the soueraigne Lord, the King of Kings.

Where thy pure thoughts, chaste bosome, vertuous life,
Weds thy vnspotted soule to endlesse ioyes:
Whose loue to that great spouse makes a chaste wife,
And whose rare gifts weake flesh and bloud destroyes:
Whose outward honors many equals finde,
But few to match the honor of the minde.

why

Vertues Anatomie.

Why should my striving pen desire to tell,
What it by force cannot attaine to know?
Why should my will against my skill rebell,
My passions thus 'gainst reasons lawes to show?
What ardent furies workes within my minde,
To seeke for that no wit, nor toile can finde?

Oh giue me leaue to breake off, thou my Muse,
I cannot diue so deepe, I may be drown'd,
Then spare my weakenesse, and defects excuse,
Which must retire when it can feele no ground:
That glorious streame of honor 'tis too deepe
For my weake braine, aboue the waues to keepe.

But yet her bountie doth inuite my pen,
That vertue which doth challenge praise with best,
And vrges my dull hand to write agen,
Which crownes her with more glory then the rest,
And makes her name and honor mount the higher
With such great grace, as makes the world admire.

Her bountie, *Alexander*-like, did win
A generall loue, and liking of the best;
Her fame and honor doth but now begin,
As if no worthy gifts had fill'd her brest,
And shee had not been fraught with such great store
Of vertuous parts, in all her life before.

Heere Fame and Bountie are at strife together,
Which shall excell each other in their praise;
Such copious matter both affords, that neither
I cannot tell her worth, will highest raise:
Both speakes so well, that I will doubtfull leaue it.
Vnto the world that better can conceiue it.

Yet

Vertues Anatomic.

Yet in the booke of true recording fame,
Such mightie volumes of her vertues stand,
Most fairely drawne by ancient time, which came
Attented with a faire incompass'd band
Of minutes, houres, daies, weeks, months and years,
And spoke a speech that rauish'd humane cares.

I that fell downe at that most pleasant spring,
Make my petition vnto aged Time,
That he would ope the booke againe, and sing
Those too much blessed words, and crowned lines:
Whereat he smilde at th' weaknelle of my braine,
And said 'twas more then nature could containe.

For in deepe characters heere doth lie inrol'd
The famous Arts and memorable deeds
Of all those worthies which haue beene of old,
Which from faire Vertues line and stocke proceeds:
The monuments of Fame, which through my hand,
For rustie age haue beene forgotten long.

Where shee amongst the rest of honors line,
Lies surety writ in those eternall scrowles,
Inrol'd in those great monuments diuine,
Which true and euerlasting fame inrolls:
In heau'ns great store-house lock'd, till fatall doome,
Raises her body from this earthly tombe.

Where her most bounteous and munificent hand,
Which neuer turn'd vnto her selfe in vaine,
Did more affection in our soyle command,
Then thought can thinke, or honor can obtaine:
Made friend of foes, and scared loue combines
In those that loue, but miserable mindes.

For

Vertues Anatomie.

For Bountie is a key that will vnlocke,
And mollifie the cruell'st dispositions,
Able for to dissolue the hardest rocke,
And make it flexible to 'th' mild'st condition :
For none, I thinke, so obdurate e're haue bin,
But bounteous deeds, or liberall gifts could win.

For 'tis a badge of Christianitie,
A cognizance to know the noble natures,
The truest touchstone whereby we may trie
The generous race, from base and worldly creatures :
Whose greedie cares doe eat the soule like rust,
And neuer leaues, till leaue them needs it must.

This sinne of Auarice makes vs like to hogges,
Which roots i'th earth, and digs i'th ground for gaine;
And with a thousand feares our conscience clogges,
Vexing our spirits with long, leane, pining paines :
Which like a mad consumption wasteth all,
Both soule and body, for a rising fall.

That like a vulture, feeds vpon the liuer,
And gnawes the intralls like a pining sicknesse,
Which, where it once posselles, leaueth neuer,
Take the yong man i'th Gospell for a witnesse :
For this rancke age is much farre worse then him
Which kept the Law, and was not stay'd with sin.

He something had to answer for himselfe,
And iustifie him for this life of ours ;
Had not he beene in loue with worldly pelfe,
A clearer light shin'd not in humane powers :
For who can tell that he hath done so well
As this rich yong man, that is gone to hell.

Vertues Anatomie.

Oh no, deare heauens, in mercie looke vpon vs,
One of a thousand cannot say so much,
Yet doe not take thy grace and fauour from vs,
Although so pure a life we cannot touch :
For we renounce our selues, and trust in thee,
Out of this mortall toile to set vs free.

Then, noble Bounty, I must needs commend thee,
If that no other cause were giuen but this,
And with more praise, then I can giue, commend thee,
Which had he knowne, of heauen he could not misse:
It for one sinne, heauens cast this man away,
VVhat shall we doe, that sinne thus euery day.

VVell may the greatnesse of this vertue moue vs,
And pricke vs forward, Bountie to embrace,
V Which generally doth make the world to loue vs,
But most those men of greatest birth and place :
If Auarice be so great and vile a sinne,
VVhat praise and glory then shall bountie winne.

Great honors mirror, in whom I doe finde
Such rare perfection, that my soule admires it :
Thy vertues marching in their seuerall kinde;
That those that heares it, more & more desires it :
And glutted pen doth surfeit with the store
Of those rich vertues, Ignorance makes poore.

Her bounteous hand, and great rewarding minde,
VVhat pen from you, can well the same expresse,
As thy true merits, and desarts doth binde,
And not eclypse the same, and make them lesse :
If those that tread the tract of honor true,
Deserue a golden pen, it falls to you.

VVhere

Vertues Anatomie.

VWhere though thy soule hath reacht eternitie,
And thou art there inrol'd in ioy and glorie:
Yet giue thy seruant leaue, his wits to trie,
And write insuing times this sacred storie:
For heauen's decreed such vertues ne're should die,
Nor such bright honors taste mortalitie.

Yet there be some, whom my concealing pen,
For breuities, and for manners sake omit
That caries vertues, or should carry them,
VWhich can themselves, and vertue too forget,
And can, since honors hand did them preferre,
Take ease and pleasure, and not thinke of her.

VWhose power as weake, as others were before,
Now fully fed, can swell, and keepe no bounds,
And most insatiate, couet more and more,
That should not be in arte and learning found: (bow,
VWhich once for halfe that meanes would humbly
VWhere hauing all, are not contented now.

Yet, bounteous Lady, let not this thing grieue thee,
That Benefactors are so ill respected,
But let thy innocence in this cause relieue thee;
Christ had but twelue, yet was by one neglected:
If one from him, needs more must fall from thee,
VWhich being once dead, their loyalties cannot see.

'Tis our corruptions that is bred within vs,
VWhich is the cause of this, and hath beene euer;
And present profit hath such power to winne vs,
That dead and gone, we straight forget the giuer:
And few remembers good turnes past and gone,
VWhere such great persons naturall glasse is runne.
Could

Vertues Anatomie

Could I collect together, in one summe,
A record of the honorable deeds,
Of all those gifts bestow'd, and fauours done,
Which from her free and bounteous minds proceeds;
Then should I to small purpose spend my dayes
In writing that which hath no end of prayse.

VWhat bounds or limits hath her honor knowne,
Or who can sound so deepe, or well declare her,
VWhen those faire wings, shee flyes with, are her owne,
VWhich to that mightie height of fame did reare her:
I need not adde vnto the Ocean more,
VWhat is one drop vnto such wonderous store?

Alas, great Ladie, thou hast little need
Of my harsh tongue to praise thy bountie so;
In euery place thy fame as well doth speed,
And better too, then I haue power to show:
Thy worth by me no more disgrace endures,
Then Sun, when clouds her glorious light obscures.

No, Honorable Lady, know thy selfe,
Although I cannot pay thee halfe thy due,
But tossed am vpon misfortune's selfe,
And cannot sing thy honors full, nor true:
Yet from these ashes may a Phœnix spring,
VWhen they haue heard thy worth and better sing.

Then take this vertue now into thy hand,
My feeble spirits begin for to retire;
Such power thy vertues haue, they can withstand
A better pen, and bid my thoughts admire,
And glory in the subiect, not my Muse,
VWhich can more faults then I haue done excuse.

Yet

Vertues Anatomie.

Yet giue me leaue a little to proceed,
And some more graces of her minde discouer;
My fond affection, in this vaine to feed,
One vertue still, you see, calls in another:
VVhere though I doe begin, and speake of many,
Yet can I finde no end of praying any.

Thy hospitalitie did as much renowne thee,
As cannot be by mortall tongues exprest;
And with as great desarts and prayses crowne thee,
Filling thee with more glory then the rest:
And brings thee forth vpon this stage to show thee
VVhat thy desarts and their affections owe thee.

Thy speaking praise from Cottage to the Throne,
Attend thee, Ladie, with no common glorie;
Thy bounteous deeds so spred abroad and knowne,
VVrites in mens hearts thy neuer dying storie;
VVhere it shall liue past all succeeding ages,
As willing pen and vertue true presages.

Thy bounteous table kept, who may declare,
Or greatnesse of thy hospitalitie,
VVhose liberall minde no cost at all doth spare,
To grace thy honor with more dignitie?
VVhere ouerwhelmed with affections store,
Shce to her friends thinkes greatest bountie poore.

VVhat long enduring house hath honor kept,
And with thy bounteous cheere, and wondrous store
Fed many mouthes; whil'st some haue basely slept
In *Mammons* armes, still coueting more and more:
Snorting in mines of gold, feeding their soules
VVith that, the best, and worthiest mindes controll.
VVnich

Vertues Anatomie.

VVhich loues to heare the fall of honor true,
And enuie those rare gifts they doe possesse,
Detraacting those which bounteous deeds ensue,
And yet these slaues will creepe and be their guests;
To all those famous houses, which they heare
Doe keepe vp bountie, and maintaine good cheere.

VVhil'st they doe scrape and gleane, what they can get
From Bounties hands, and liberall dispositions,
VVhich ne're a good house kept themselues as yet,
Nor ne're will doe, so base are their conditions:
If they can creepe but into honors fauours,
Theile feede and burst vpon anothers labours.

Thus from great persons free, and bounteous tables,
They heape vp wealth by wretched miserie,
And make their heires so strong in meanes, and able;
That in the compasse of gentilitie
They must be drawne and honored of some men,
Although their fathers basely begg'd for them.

I doe not vrge this, most renowned Lady,
Though many men haue bettered beene by thee,
To ayme or point at any thing, that may be
Thought preiudiciall to thy dignitie:
But as thou art most liberall, free and kinde,
So to expresse the bountie of thy minde.

Now can the Citie, Countrie, and the Court,
VVhose cares haue heard of thy dispersed fame,
Vnto thy Princely Palace make resort,
And fill their thoughts with thy admired name:
VVhere hearts, eyes, cares, and all desires to proue
The great magnificence of thy grace and loue.

VVith

Vertues Anatomie.

VVith curteous, kinde, and honor'd dispositions;
Such as is wont in noble breasts to dwell,
Thou entertaines great birthes, and faire conditions
VVith such rare grace and gestures as excell:
No wise conceits, nor curious Artist found,
But for thy courteous grace thy praises sound.

No worthy Lady, of the noblest straine,
VVhich for her parts and wisdom was diuine;
But thou with bounteous hand did'st entertaine
And show thy selfe as free as *Cæsars* minde:
VVhose salutations were as fairely drest,
And powdred with the wisdom of the best.

Heere greatnesse doth another greatnesse grace;
Loue meetes with loue, heere honor, honor kisses;
Heere noble mindes each other doe embrace,
Nought to make vp such sweete contentment misles:
So faire a troupe of worthy persons meeting,
But few haue seenne in such great honor greeting.

Here liberall *Ceres* plaies no niggards part,
Here Heau'n, earth, Seas their greatest plenty brings,
Here *Bacchus* cheeres the melancholly heart,
Whil'st a learn'd consort of sweete Musicke sings:
A feast that did more sumptuous cost afford,
Then *Cleopatra* did that noble Lord.

Who hath beene fam'd for hospitalitie,
That hath not ranckt her name among the rest?
Who haue for bountie and for dignitie
Admired beene, and left her vnexpress?
Who hath a worthier house kept all her daies
Then she hath done, and liu'd in greater praise?

E

No,

Vertues Anatomie.

No, Lady, though our Shire did thee containe,
Yet are thy honors and thy bountie spread;
And can as great a share and glorie claime,
As theirs can doe, and grace thee being dead:
With true deseruing fame, for euer blest,
To equall *Pellam, Ramsey*, and the rest.

No niggards hand, nor greedy gaine did hold her,
The noblest mindes are not in loue with riches,
Nor haue her vertues for such trifles sold her,
Though many great ones powerfull gold bewitches:
But what meanes heere the heauens her freely lent,
Shee wasteth not, though liberally shee spent.

But to a better end and purpose vsde them,
The hungrie members of our Lord to feed,
And not in such disordred sort abus'd them,
But help'd the weake afflicted in their need
With *Ioseph*, to refresh the brethren poore,
Which stands and waits for charitie at the doore.

Her yerning pitie did so farre extend,
That deepe compassion shee did on them take,
And in their great necessities did befriend
Their soules and bodies for meere charities sake:
With gifts and good rewards shee did supplie
Their extreame wants, and sau'd them like to die.

How many hath shee eas'd of *Lazars* crue,
The poorest members of our dying Lord,
Whose great distresse the kindest natures rue,
Tost to and fro, and in this world abhorr'd:
Despis'd and made a scorne of euery eye,
Which doth behold their woe and misery.

Thus

Vertues Anatomie.

Thus doe they show from whence they are descended,
From that old serpent their adopted father,
Which neuer will, nor euer haue extended
The least reliefe, as *Dines* crummes to gather;
His dogs were kinder for to licke his sores,
Then mé are now, which beats them frō their dores.

But thou, great Lady, wherein vertue rested,
Didst daily feed them at thy bounteous gate,
And the poore members of Christs flocke hast feasted,
Comiserating heere their wofull state,
Which nothing haue in this world to relieue them,
But what such liberall minds as yours doth giue thé.

Poore naked wormes which feeble the sharpest aire,
Which wants food, cloth, and home, which many haue,
What is heere left to keepe yee from despaire,
When all your hopes and comforts are the graue:
And if it were not for some worthie mindes,
Your soules would faint and die before your times.

But thou, most true deuoted Ladie, giues
Both cloth, food, harbour, to such orphanes poore,
And helpest those which in extremities liue,
And ne're expuls'd the needie from thy doore:
But at the point of death their soules did cherish,
And sau'd those liues which ready were to perish.

Thus did thy faith beare sweete and pleasant fruits,
Which euer from that flourishing tree proceeds,
VVith such rich graces, as best honor sutes,
And did extend it selfe to bounteous deeds:
Relieuing cheerefully those silly elues,
VVhich had no meanes here for to help themselues.

Vertues Anatomie.

Thou faire example liue without compare,
Thou map of honor be for euer blest,
Since to the poore such pittie thou dost beare,
Which meaner persons in their pride detest,
And dost extend thy hand to helpe their neede,
Whilst their fell cruelties make their harts to bleede.

Nay, not contented thus, thou lests behinde,
As long as any age or time indures,
A faire example of thy bounteous minde,
Which shall for euer stand most firme and sure,
Where thou hast meanes, and liuing left in store,
To helpe the helpelesse, and releiue the poore.

Could I but reckon what her honor gaue,
Or what a number at her gate she fed;
How many needie wretches liues she sau'd,
For want of foode halfe pinde and almost dead,
The sum I feare would grow so wondrous large,
And far extend my weakenesse to discharge.

No 'tis not to be told with any tongue,
Those great accounts my pen must let alone,
Vnlesse attempting I should doe her wrong,
To take away from her what is her owne,
For numberlesse they are, and so I'le leaue them,
Where endlesse ioyes for endles good receiue them.

For what she gaue to those, she lent to him,
VVhich will repay't againe vnto a penny:
She shall not loole by that she knowes, but win,
And crowned be in heauen, with ioyes as many.
VVhere double recompence she shall surely haue,
And thousand fold more finde then here she gaue,

Her

Vertues Anatomie

Her goods possessing she did not possesse
But made them free for others which did neede them,
They were not hers she often would confesse:
But lent her to refresh the poore, and feede them,
Where she as tenant held from his great hands,
All that she did possesse, both goods and lands.

And knew right well that she account must giue,
Of all those rich demeanes she here inioyd,
And in so great a calling how she liue,
Vnto what vse her Talent was imployd,
Where now with that good seruant she doth finde,
Her masters ioy and ten times more assignde.

Oh Lady why doe I this vertue vrge,
So much in thee and cannot finde in others,
Art thou alone vnto these times a scourge,
To whip their dulnesse forward, and discouer?
Those monstrous wolues which neuer will be fed,
But eate vp poorest Orphants like to bred.

Religion is the cause of this I hold,
That to good workes will not ascribe saluation,
Which makes our age in charitie grow so cold,
As few will giue because 'tis out of fashion,
Then let our works be meritorious found,
It may be then more charity will abound.

Thus doth this topsie-turvie age delight
In contraries, and leaues the good vndon,
Wrong hath the vpper hand of truth and right,
And euery man to swift perdition runs:
If this saluation were, as none it is,
Who would be damn'd then that should doe amisse?

Vertues Anatomie.

But, world, thy share will come farre short, I feare,
For vain's that hope, whose faith brings forth no fruit,
Nor shoves it selfe in vertuous actions here,
What's better for a tongue if one be mute :
Or for that rise which breeds a greater fall,
Or for that faith which shoves no workes at all.

Good Lady, thou which did'st possesse so much,
And spent'st so little vpon idle pleasure ;
How farre dost thou digresse from these I touch,
And seeke to store thy soule with better treasures ?
Those secret graces which the heau'ns impart
To such as be vpright, and true of heart.

Where zeale, grace, faith, loue, hope and pietie,
Concurre in one to make a blessed soule ;
Where temperance, bountie, and humilitie,
Doe all foule Vice, and errors false controule :
Where her renowned hospitalitie,
Makes her most happie, ioy'n'd with charitie.

Where with that worthy Captaine well shee speeds,
Nor feares shee death, that freely is forgiven ;
Her prayers, gifts, rewards, and almesdeeds,
Are now remembered in the sight of heauen :
Where shee doth heare the voice of him shee lou'd,
Which hath her faith through such affliction prou'd.

And where her workes, and deeds, and vertues all,
Attends her after this expired breath,
And did not suffer her great name to fall
Into obliuion, by forgetfull death :

But breakes those prison doores, and sweetly sings,
Hell, where's thy victorie? Death, where's thy sting?
Thou

Vertues Anatomie.

Thou fore-decreed by that eternall doome,
A sacred vessell of most free election,
A marke of pietie to the times to come,
Seal'd with heau'n's finger at thy first conception :
 Grac'd with his grace, which doth all grace secure,
 VVhich time consumes not, but doth still endure.

Looke when as *Tytan* from his scarlet bed
Doth rise, and all thicke vapors driue away,
And all the curtaines of the heau'ns are spred,
VVithout a cloud to blemish any way,
 Where that bright frame to mortalls doth appeare
 Most wondrous calme, most perfect, faire & cleare.

Euen so this rising Sunne of honor shines,
The hopefull signe of a most glorious day,
And all the graces firmly so combines,
That mists, nor clouds, nor vapors can dismay :
 This faire vnblemish'd frame keepes still true honor,
 Which Time, Death, Fortune, neuer shal take frō her.

What man so great in pompe and earthly glorie,
That hunts full crie with hungrie breath for fame,
Can write insuing sinnes a fairer storie,
Or win more honor, or a grater name :
 Or graces be with more desarts and prayse,
 Then shee had beene so truely all her dayes.

Those that in the full circuite ride of pride,
Liu'd in a world of eyes for to behold them :
Had what this earth could grace them with beside,
And at the highest rise of fame hath sold them :
 Made all their words and deeds like *Herods* then,
 Which cried the voice of God, and not of men.

Vertues Anatomie.

Yet in the mid'st of all their pride deceiued,
Haue brought their honor to vntimely ends,
And of their golden hopes haue bene bereaued,
VVhich with the world would die such mighty freinds,
Their mistris with *va vobis* leaues them all,
VVhen they doe least dreame, and suspect to fall.

But they which build their house one vertues ground,
And leade that life which thou before hast done,
No age no fortune euer shall confound,
Their honors when their naturall glasse is run,
But they shall flourish faire and still suruiue.
Death takes not them like those which dye, aliuie.

This sauing loof'd theese earthly fetters here,
That heauie bondage worse then Egipts thrall,
And overcome by faith those doubts and feares,
VVhich greues the best, and doth in question cail,
Our liues and deeds with many frailties shaken:
How shal we stand when such strict reckonings taken?

But fly to the heauens true and onely sonne,
Deere Sauour and redeemer whose strong might,
Diddst that huge blacke internall host orecome,
And put those powers, and enemies all to flight.
That conquerest quite, hell, sathan, death, and sin,
VVhich none before, nor since could euer win.

And open sets the doore t' eternall life,
Freed vs from all our enemies by thy death;
Although we suffer toyle, cares, greefe, and strife,
VVithin our selues during this mortall breath:
Yet when thou thinkest good thou wilt inlarge vs,
And of our weary, heauie load discharge vs.

VVhereof

Vertues Anatomie.

Whereof being freed, and set at liberty,
Thou endlesse ioyes for ending greefe imbracest,
And di'st no more but liu'st eternally,
With him from whom thou hast bene euer grac'd,
Where now enjoying what thou wantedst here,
Thou sing'st *Halleluiah* with that heauenly quire.

Where, now vnto that glory I will leaue thee,
That true felicity, and eternall rest,
Which like to earthly ioyes, will not deceiue thee,
But still indure effectuall and ere blest,
Triumphing with those Saints which euer sings,
All praise and glory to the King of Kings.

Here noble Lord some vertues of your owne,
May in this darke, and little glasse appeare,
Or of that seede which you your selfe are sowne,
Which cannot (like your honors) shine so cleare,
Yet may you see some shaddow of your fauour,
If that you truely doe but read my labour.

For in this little booke I haue not err'd,
Although her honors worth I could not weild,
Nor vice before true vertue haue prefer'd,
Nor yet on such false slipperie grounds doe build,
As grace a sin by a dissembling tongue,
To doe the best, and noblest natures wrong.

No let me neuer rise but rather fall,
If lower then I am I can descend,
When euer I take vices part at all,
Or ayme at any such vaine hopes or end,
But rather study vertuously to please,
Then haue my duty sicke of that disease.

No

Vertues Anatomie

No, worthy Lord, Ile neuer sell my selfe,
Though I should be farre poorer then I am,
By vniust meanes to purchase worldly pelfe,
As sooth vp folly in the greatest man:

That gaine is losse, that glory turnes to shame,
Which branded is with *Gnato's* flattering name.

Then let not honor iudge my lines amisse,
Although your iudgement farre extends my verse,
My duty's true, and so shall proue by this,
Which I vnworthy farre, haue heere rehearst:

If I in ought through weaknesse haue offended,
Let greatnesse by their faire acceptance mend it.

For I doe know two noble natures springing,
From one pure fountaine cannot be diuided;
What wrong to her, to you some blot is bringing,
Which cannot be but by your worth decided:

For you that doe succeed her roome and place,
Are heire vnto her vertues and her grace.

Whose faire example happie you may proue,
And like a greater light the lesser guide,
Adorn'd with honor, glorie, grace and loue,
And blest with all these earthly things beside:

That wanting nought to fill vp eithers store,
Your honor still may flourish more and more.

Who takes a patterne of his glorious maker,
And seekes to treade the tract of honor true,
Cannot at first be made a full partaker

Of all those rich demeanes, to honor due:

Such faire examples must haue time and space
To ouertake them, 'tis no common race,

which

Vertues Anatomie.

Which shee, true vertues patterne, left behinde,
Much like a marble pillar vnremou'd,
Such tokens of her honorable minde,
As make her here generally belou'd:
Whereof when you shall take a fuller view,
Shall finde those honors fall to th'house and you.

Where I doe pray that heau'ns would grace it still,
With as great honor as it had before;
Or greater, if it be his blessed will,
Vntill the surges ouerflow the shore:
That *Wentworths* noble race with *Cheanies* name,
May be inrol'd in euerlasting fame.

And you, faire Lady, grac'd with Natures gifts,
And with a spirit that hath true vertue in it;
Which my dejected Muse from sorrowes lifts,
And hath more power, then others haue to win it:
Bound with a datie which must not be broken,
Giuen at my first conception for a token.

You the true Image of that Lady great,
For vertue and an honorable minde,
Of whom for your faire worth I would intreate,
More then affection doth in others binde:
To whom I owe more then you deigne to craue,
Loue, seruice, dutie, life and all I haue.

A present all too meane if 'twere farre better,
In one whom meanenesse, meanenesse doth excell,
To whom I must and will remaine a debter;
A debter great, how great I cannot tell:
Whose many fauours show'd to friends and me,
Lies hid within, that cannot vttered be.

What

Vertues Anatomie.

VWhat shall I giue, that nothing haue to paie,
The widowes mite will not passe currant now,
That metall's growne nought with vs now adaies,
Nor is it for true currant pay allow'd.

Yet where there's nothing to be had you finde,
Acept, good Lady, of a gratefull minde.

This worke to your pure minde I doe present,
This honors prize vnto thy Iudgement sound;
VWhere if for any fault I should be shent,
Let some defence in thee be had and found:
Lest if some tempest should arise too fast,
I should be shiprack'd, or in danger cast.

For well I know you lou'd her honor liuing,
Intirely so, as pen cannot declare,
And after death in true affections giuing,
Did'tt loue and zeale still to her honor beare:
Then for her sake let these some fauour finde,
That was her selfe so courteous, free and kinde.

Good Lady, which her life hast seene and knowne,
And all her vertues and her honors proued,
To whom her thoughts, and counsels all were showne,
So much was you, and shee of you beloued:
Can better tell what store of vertues lie
Hid in her brest, which no man can descrie.

I doe but adde a droppe vnto the sea,
For who can comprehend in any bounds
Her honor 'tis but labour cast away,
To finde out that, which is not to be found:
But as a sparke is to a mightie fire,
So must I yeeld and valew my desire.

And

Vertues Anatomie.

And though her modest blushes will not let her,
Her vertues prize, nor take what is her owne,
Nor with that true deseruing praise belet her,
VVhich to the world is blaz'd so much and knowne:
Yet shall her vertues in their force abide,
Which through her modest vaile shee sought to hide.

For what can heart desire, shee hath not found?
If wealth or riches shee hath not least store,
If fame or praise, her name with that doth sound,
If honor, who, for her estate, had more?
If with long life, or length of daies and time,
VVho longer liu'd, whose honor more did shine?

If with the gifts or graces of the minde,
VVho with her almost now may well compare,
Or hath had more, or better beene inclinde,
VVhich kept her vertues with the fairest faire:
And like that praise, which Scriptures *David* gaue,
Brought good old age and honor to her graue?

Thus in this little volume may you reade,
Some vertues of her honorable minde,
Some of her merits, worthie parts and deeds,
For all it is vnpossible to finde
Vnlesse that I should out of nature dwell,
And learne such notes, which humane notes excell.

Thus hoping of your gracious censures all,
I leaue yee to that euerlasting blisse,
'Twas fate, not wit, which to this taske did call
My meaner spirits, and rays'd my minde to this:
If ought miscaries blame not my intent,
For what is rudely sung, is better meant.

Vertues Anatomie.

To which pure, sacred, blessed Trinitie,
Which rules vnseene all things for th'best aboue vs,
Those Persons three inclos'd ith vnitie;
A wonder strange, yet not so strange to loue vs:
Being such sinners 'gainst his Lawes rebelling,
Past all the tongues of men and Angels telling;
To him in all and vnto ail in one.
Be all praise, powre and glorie giuen alone.

FINIS.



